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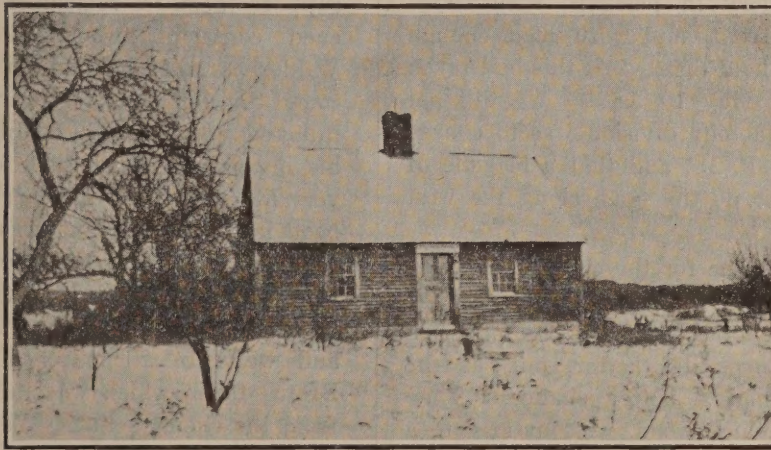
## TYNGSBORO IN THE CIVIL WAR.

It being the semi-centenary of the Civil War period, your editing committee thought it proper to devote a portion of this issue to Tyngsboro in the Civil War. As the mortality of the war veterans is about 130 per day, or about 37,500 deaths

## RECOLLECTIONS OF SPOTTSYLVANIA.

James Burrows, a Tyngsboro soldier, tells of one of the great battles in which he fought, 50 years ago.

"Of all the struggles of the war this (at the Death Angle) was perhaps the fiercest and most deadly. The ground was literally covered with



"TWO OLD VETS' HOME." Photo by J. A. McEvoy.

This house was built by Oliver Coburn on the home farm of one of our oldest families and represents the war period from Lovewell's Indian Wars, 1710-1724, and the Revolutionary War. Oliver Coburn, father of the builder, was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and Oliver himself was a drummer boy and was known as "Tumpy" Coburn. A part of his farm, a rocky point on the river just north of the Martin Luther club house, is still known among the old settlers as "Tumpy's Point." After the war he built this house. It remained in the family until a few years ago when it came into the possession of a Civil War Veteran, who with a brother veteran, has made it his home, appropriately naming it.

annually, we thought it well to ask the few of our Tyngsboro boys living, to speak for themselves and give some of their own experiences in the war. To that end an appeal was made to each (9 out of 79), to help us make this paper a real War Number.

This brought such a hearty response that we are able to cover a much larger territory of the war map than we anticipated. Much matter has been omitted to give space for this. One veteran says, "this is what I read between the lines of written history." If any of the articles should fail to reach us in time for this publication, they will be in our next issue.

piles of dead, and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha. I am aware that this language may resemble exaggeration, but I speak of what I personally saw. In the vicious phraseology commonly employed by those who never witnessed a battlefield, 'piles of dead' figures much more frequently than they exist in the reality. The phrase here is no figure of speech, as can be attested by thousands who witnessed the ghastly scene."—[Swinton's Army of the Potomac.]

I frequently read paragraphs like the above in pages of history devoted to the second week of



Grant's first campaign with the Army of the Potomac. But I have yet to read what I call a soldier's impression of this particular event. I was a participant in this strife, and had an unusual opportunity to study the situation before, during and after the battle.

My regiment (the 16th Massachusetts) was the first to advance from Brown's farm to the crest of the ridge on which stood Landran's house, within a long rifle-shot of the apex of the famous "salient," which came to be called the Death Angle. We drove the enemy's skirmishers before us, and then had many reminders of the strength of the rebel position in the shape of shrapnel and shell; and, after losing 10 men, fell back down the slope of the hill and were able to tell the general that the enemy were strongly fortified, with artillery in position, with slashings of timber in front, and with men enough behind the works to hold them. All this had taken place by midday of May 10, 1864. We did not know at the time that our division was to charge this stronghold at 5 P. M., and that a brigade of the 6th Corps was to do the same along the west face of the "salient."

When the hour came for the charge our First brigade advanced, but the force of the enemy's fire soon turned them back again. Upton's brigade of the 6th Corps did better, but, as the soldiers say, they had a better chance. They were led through a thick wood, without loss, to a point within 200 yards of the enemy's line, and then made a gallant and successful charge, taking many prisoners and colors and penetrating to the second line held by the enemy. They were finally compelled to fall back, and the enemy reoccupied their original lines. Colonel Upton says in his report that he made a path for Mott's division to follow, and General Grant censures us and also the 9th Corps for not entering into the attack with greater spirit. The men of Mott's division do not feel badly about this, because they know that Grant never saw the position they were expected to assail, and also that they did not and were not to follow in the wake of Upton, and therefore could not avail themselves of his path. They had been demonstrating along the apex of the "salient" all day, and the enemy were fully alive to their presence and probable designs. Upton's attack was a virtual surprise to them.

The men of Mott's brigade can solace themselves with the reflection that it required the entire

2d Corps to carry this same position, although stripped of its artillery only 35 hours later. If Mott had made an attack from the north at the same time Upton advanced from the west, it would have been in some senses an independent attack. The troops of Johnson were not disturbed by Upton's success, and we know well enough that, with plenty of artillery in position, no division of Lee's army could be successfully assaulted in broad daylight by a like force of the Army of the Potomac.

We moved away from the vicinity of the Brown and Landran farms the night of the 10th, passing to the right in the rear of the 6th Corps. The next day we lay inactive, but stirred by frequent rumors that Gibbon and Wright were to charge in the afternoon, and that we were to support them. I remember seeing a poor frightened conscript, who had found out in the Wilderness that he had no stomach for fighting, come through our regimental line with a self-inflicted wound in the shape of a bullet through his instep, that must have cost him his foot and very likely his life. He carried the powder-stained boot in his hand, but was persuaded to throw it away when told that no surgeon would treat him while he carried that shameful witness of his folly. During the night a drizzly rain set in, and we were all marched quietly back to the Brown farm, which was three quarters of a mile from the enemy's line. We knew that this movement meant business. Coffee boilers and drinking cups were put inside of haversacks, and the men were cautioned not to laugh, and above all things not to light a fire.

From midnight until the gray of early morning we crouched on the wet hillsides in a vain endeavor to sleep or keep warm. Just between darkness and light we could see Barlow and Birney, with their splendid divisions, marching across the meadows that separated the Brown and Landran farms. The damp, sodden earth gave back no sound as these gallant masses swept up the slope of Landran's, while the men of my regiment, who knew every inch of this ground, stood breathless with suspense as they listened for the crack of rifles along the crest from which they had driven the skirmish line of the enemy two days before. We heard hardly a shot until down through the fog came the ringing of a Yankee cheer followed by two quick reports of a cannon, and all was still. We knew not what to think of



this stillness—two brigades of our division began to move up—when all at once we saw a long line of men in column of fours hurriedly marching down the narrow field from Landran's. They were 4000 rebel prisoners, fruitful indications that the assault had been successful. As they passed through our lines, their general, Edward Johnson, in his ill-fitting gray coat and slouched hat, looking quite like the "member from Cranberry Centre," seeing us bowing deferentially, as is the custom with old soldiers, to the shells that Lee's awakened artillerists were sending freely over our heads, called out, with a dignity quite in keeping with his appearance, "You Yanks are up early this morning, but you'll have iron pudding for dinner."

We were in a happy frame of mind as we passed up and gained the Landran ridge, where we saw portions of the 30 guns captured when our line swept over the rebel works. Nearly every staff officer had a rebel flag, some of them two or three. It was now broad daylight, but the fog was still thick. We could hear the rebel yell off the west face of the "salient," and the order was "double quick" as we swept down the south slope of Landran's and then up through the slashed timbers in front of the northeast corner of the great horseshoe-shaped line of the rebel earthworks. I remember how I clambered along in my proper position as file closer in the color company directly behind the colors.

I saw a soldier's pocketbook and diary combined on the trunk of a fallen tree right in my path. I had that sort of a I-shall-live-forever feeling (the only feeling that makes a soldier's life endurable), so I crammed that pocketbook into the breast of my overcoat and thought no more about it. We gained the line of works just in time to assist in turning back a counter charge that succeeded along a part of the west face of the angle, and might have cost us the whole line but for our timely arrival.

Two pieces of artillery lay on the rebel side of the works; these we pulled over to our side and sent back for artillerists to man them. Three hundred yards in front of us, along the east face of the "salient," the rebel flag still floated, or rather drooped, for there was no air stirring. The defenders of this flag were sheltered from our fire by a slight bend in the line, and they lay quietly behind these works and made no reply to our fire. There seemed to be no reason why we could not

advance and take them in flank and rear; and indeed, there was no reason except the absence of orders and a certain degree of confusion among the regiments occasioned by the clamber through the timber and the mixing of lines at the works. The men were thick enough along that line and spirited enough, but generalship was thinly spread. Occasionally some colonel, full of commissary courage, would force his horse over the works through some place partly levelled when the artillery was captured, and call upon the men to follow him to the attack.

We frittered away the whole morning along our front with no further result. The rebel brigade finally arose and marched by the right flank quietly down their line until lost to sight in the woods in the direction of the court house. It seems that Lee had withdrawn the artillery from Johnson's division, but had ordered it back again, and it did not get into position before our charge struck their line. The ground in front of our brigade was covered with splendid looking black artillery horses which had been shot down, all harnessed together, as they came dashing up with the guns when Barlow's men tumbled over the works. A sergeant of the 125th New York lay a few rods inside the works; he had been wounded early in the battle, and as the rain was now falling steadily some men of my regiment brought him over to our side. He was so pale and weak that he seemed almost dead. One of our captains, a bluff Milesian, brave as a lion, had a canteen full of something to take the cruelty out of the weather, and touched by the wretchedness of this poor fellow, put the canteen to his lips and with it signs of returning life came to his body. The captain then searched for his wound, and was told that he had been shot through the abdomen. Investigation showed that he had been struck by a bullet that had penetrated his canteen, given the man a smart blow and a slight bruise, but had not broken the skin. He had mistaken the escape of water from the canteen for blood, and his prostration was entirely due to his imagination. As the day grew older we could see that all the troops on our right, in the great wood in front of the north face of the angle, were gradually retiring to our side of the works. They were a long time in forming under their proper officers and colors. My regiment was detached from the brigade and ordered to the right. We passed General Barlow, who was getting order out of this chaotic mass of



men; and, bending low to avoid the bullets now coming out of the woods in response to the fire of Birney's men, who still held the highest point of the rebel works, we soon came to the last section held by our forces.

There we saw the colors of seven regiments, portions of the 2nd and 6th Corps, to which our colors were to be added. The line ran obliquely along the rebel front in open ground for 200 yards, and then was lost in the woods. The left of this line rested on the outside of the rebel works, and at the point of contact the combatants were not six feet apart. Indeed, along the entire front the distance was so short that you could distinguish the color of the hair of any head that came above the works. There we stood, a mass of men many lines deep, with orders to load, pass to the front, fire and fall back. The ground sloped away from the works so that at a distance of 100 feet one could stand erect and the bullets would pass over his head. These works had been made unusually high and strong for field works, and were thickly traversed—that is, supplied with short cross sections placed at right angles with the main line, and dividing it into spaces not unlike the sub-divisions in a stable for horses.

But for these traverses this battle could not have lasted from morning until night. We could see the red diamond of Birney's men, who, mounted on their high position, fired down on the flank and rear of the enemy. Those of the enemy nearest the point of contact could not raise an arm with safety. They were crowded into the upper corners of their respective traverses and huddled there like frightened sheep. Birney's men would mount the works and fire down upon their heads. Their comrades would pass loaded muskets up to them as long as they could stand. When a man fell exhausted or killed, another took his place. Men were maddened by the excitement of this prolonged and unusual strife—bayonets were thrust through spaces in the logs and wounds were given and received. When we first came upon the scene, a rebel flag was lashed against a tree which stood near the right of their line. It was soon riddled with bullets and taken down.

After a time we began to ask each other what all this meant, and so, from asking each other, to asking our officers. We could not understand why we stood there losing five men to the enemy's one, for, notwithstanding the severity of our fire, they would raise their rifles, depress the muzzles,

and, exposing only their hands, would let drive into such a mass of men that they rarely failed to hit. I remember asking my colonel why we could not advance the few steps that would take us over their works, and being told that important movements were taking place on the right, and that we were not to attempt to take the works, but to keep up a steady firing and prevent the enemy from sending in any more troops. This seemed a feasible explanation in view of what we were doing, and passed well enough for the time. I know that we thought that we held the right of the army, that the 5th Corps had joined the 9th Corps, and that great things were to be expected from their combined attack near the court house far to the left of our position. A horse had been killed early in the morning and lay between our front and the works. It was reduced to a mass of pulp by the thousands of bullets that passed through it from either side.

From time to time some adventurous man would fall dead a little in advance of the line, and he too would soon be riddled with bullets and lose all shape and semblance of man. The slashings of tree tops that had been formidable obstacles in the morning were now reduced to mere chips, and looked not unlike the chaff from a threshing machine. The continual stepping up and down upon the little slope on which we stood soon churned the earth into a deep quagmire. The rain poured unceasingly, and, although it kept the rifles from fouling, could not entirely subdue that intense thirst which always comes to men in battle. I went back a few rods from the line to the lowest point in the ravine and tried to find some water. The rain had made quite a little stream, but, either from the color of the clay or some other cause, it looked so like the bloody ooze on the bank where my comrades still kept up their fire that I could not drink. I kept on down stream, perhaps 100 yards, until it ran clearer, and then filled my canteen. When I got back to the line I found that one of my company had just received a bad wound, and I was asked to assist in carrying him to the hospital at the Landran house on the ridge not quite out of rifle range.

We took the poor fellow in a blanket and soon carried him up the hill and into the house. It was hard to hear the matter-of-fact tone in which the surgeon who received him said: "Mortally wounded—won't live five minutes," and to hear the man himself with his last breath say, "I for-



give the man who shot me, for I was taking deadly aim at him." I passed through the provost guard on my way back to the regiment, when all at once I saw that the battle had ceased, at least along our front. I saw our boys close up on the rebel works, and could see some standing on the parapet that had been alive with smoke and flame all the morning. Suddenly the roll of musketry began again. It seems that those rebels in the traverses nearest our line, finding that they could not raise a hand with safety, desired to surrender,—and, in token of this desire, raised a white handkerchief on a ramrod, and the cry "Cease firing!" was passed along the line. The firing on both sides finally ceased, and our line advanced to receive the surrender.

The left of the line had but a short distance to go. My colonel, Waldo Merriam, a brave Boston boy, was among the first to mount the works. The enemy occupying that portion of their line opposite our right and centre had no idea of surrendering, but took advantage of this lull in the fight to load their rifles, then rise in their places and pour a deadly fire upon the men who had crowned a portion of their works. Colonel Merriam was among the first to fall pierced with two bullets. One of our captains was struck in the head and fell stunned in the ditch on our side of the works. I helped to carry the colonel back to the hospital, with the vain hope that the surgeons might tell us that life still remained. As I write these lines I have on my desk a button from his coat, and can almost hear the roar of that awful conflict come up out of that valley of death where so many of my comrades fell that day. I sat down by the shallow grave they scooped out of the hillside for my colonel, and began to ask myself if I had any call to go back to that dreadful hell that was burning the life out of so many men, and as it seemed to me, to so little purpose. I fell in with the sergeant-major of my regiment, who had been ordered by the colonel to keep out of the fight, as he had charge of the records and reports of the regiment.

I had already fired 150 rounds, and was so covered with the yellow clay of the "sacred soil" that you could not tell the color of my coat. I did not feel like a shirk as I sat hardly out of range, looking at the battle that still blazed, and smoked along the fatal Angle. I then thought of the pocket diary that I had found in the morn-

ing. I showed it to the sergeant-major and discovered that it contained quite a sum of money and some postage stamps, and belonged to one of our color corporals. General Hancock came along with some of his staff, and seeing us sitting there said, sharply: "What are these men doing here?" That was enough for me. I took my rifle and trudged down the hill to join the regiment. We were soon relieved by fresh troops. We cleaned our rifles, made a little coffee, and then were ordered back again. After dark it rained harder than ever. We lay all night on that soggy slope, as a support to the men who were still fighting in the works. Twenty times we started to our feet ready to close up if the enemy advanced. It was difficult to keep the rifles in serviceable condition, with the floodgates of heaven open overhead and the mud knee-deep underfoot.

During the evening, Captain Matthew Donovan, who had been stunned and left in the ditch when our colonel fell, succeeded in crawling out and in bringing with him the colors of the 86th New York, which had lain since early morning within 10 feet of the men who had shot the color-bearer when Birney's troops had been forced to abandon a part of the works. The captain had a narrow escape while crawling away, a bullet cutting the back of his coat open from tail to collar. He declared that the 86th should never have their flag until they gave the 16th Massachusetts a barrel of whiskey. We never saw the whiskey. It was long after midnight when the firing ceased, and we lay shivering in the mud, awaiting what the morrow would bring forth. The still foggy morning showed us that the enemy had fallen back from the Death Angle and left us in possession of the most ghastly wrack and ruin the eye of man had ever beheld. I mounted the works and walked down where our fire had been so hot and prolonged, and for a space of 200 yards was unable to find a spot where I could walk off the traverses without stepping on the forms of dead and dying men. They had crawled out from their trenches and died all along the works. The pitiless rain had washed the grime of battle from their faces, but had filled the trenches with water, in which lay a steaming mass of mangled humanity.

Along that narrow front 400 of the rebel dead, by actual count, were placed in their own ditches and their traverses were toppled down



upon them. The very air was heavy with a peculiar sickening odor that I had never known before. A red oak, which stood just inside their works, was actually cut down by the force of minie bullets alone, and fell during the night, injuring some of the 1st South Carolina regiment. This tree was 22 inches in diameter, and was literally full of lead from the stump to the topmost branch.

A few days later this position became the right of the army, and was held by my division. We had some sharp fighting from time to time, but made no advance against the enemy's new inner line along the base of the "salient." The last night of our stay there I was on picket just in the edge of the woods. A soldier of the 63d Pennsylvania had been killed that day and lay on my station. I sent back to the trenches for some shovels in order to bury him, but was told that we were to move that night, and the tools had already been sent to the rear. I covered the body with a blanket, some sticks and leaves, and so left it. Mine was no doubt the last friendly eye that looked upon him.

"By the left flank," was a continual order until, after many fierce encounters, Petersburg was reached and Spottsylvania seemed like an ugly dream. After Petersburg was fairly besieged, our term of service expired and we came home. But I could not stay quietly here with that same war going on, and so went out again in another regiment, and as fate would have it marched down the Brock road from the Wilderness where my new regiment had been gathering up the bones of the men who remained unburied after the battle of the year before. It was quite late in the evening when we reached Spottsylvania and came upon the Death Angle through the base of the "salient," camping for the night in front of farmer McCool's house, in the great wood into which we had poured an all-day fire the year before. It was but a short distance up to the west face of the Angle. I had such a vivid mental photograph of the scene that I knew the place at a glance, although approaching it from a new direction and at night. There lay the fallen tree, but the stump had been cut away and taken to Washington by General Miles, who commanded one of Barlow's brigades in the famous charge. Many skulls of Confederates were scattered along behind the works, no doubt unearthed by the rains from their scanty and imperfect burial. The next morning we found that

our camp was literally full of burial mounds, from which were protruding ghastly reminders of the great battle. Our mission there was to do what we had already done in the Wilderness,—that is, to gather up the bones of friend and foe, carefully searching for any mark or token of identity, and then give them all a proper burial at some stated point. Those already buried, and marked with a cracker-box headboard of fighting and marching days, we marked again with substantial painted headboards, against the time when they would be taken up and removed to the National Cemetery at Fredericksburg, which I understand has since been done.

There was no difficulty in distinguishing Union from rebel. The little bundles of bones had been held together by the clothing, and that was as clearly defined in color and texture as when the wearers were in the flesh. In order that no place might be overlooked, we were formed in line, deployed as skirmishers, and then moved over all portions of the line of operations. Sergeants would carry note-books and take down all the names to be found. The men carried stout canvas bags and would gather up the bones that lay upon the surface and return with them to camp.

The morning after our arrival I took two comrades, and, telling them that I knew the resting place of one poor fellow, led them to the spot where I had stood on picket the year before. There lay all that remained of poor 63d Pennsylvania. The skull had broken away from the mass of cloth and bones and rolled aside a little. I carried his remains back to camp and gave his regimental number to the painters, but his name or company I did not know. We had in my regiment many men who had served three years with the Western armies; they were full of the idea that the Army of the Potomac did not have any real hard fighting. Even General Grant says that he came to us with the feeling that we never fought our battles out. When these men of the west saw the long lines of death in the Wilderness, where for half a mile on either side of the Orange plank road you could follow the line of battle through the dense thickets by the absence of leaves on tree and shrub, every sign of life having been shot to death, they ceased to scoff.

And this was no Chinese battle of tom-toms and noise, as the appalling list of casualties will



show: Twenty-eight thousand, two hundred and seven men were killed and wounded in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. Their conviction deepened when they came to the Death Angle and saw the forest behind the Confederate position, all killed for a depth of 150 yards, large trees lifting their gaunt and naked limbs over the works and bearing mute witness of the severity of the struggle which had taken place at their feet. Here you could see ramrods sticking in the logs where the rebels had fired a hasty second shot when boys in blue came pouring in upon them. I took a spade and dug holes in the earth where my regiment had stood in front of the famous tree, and found cartridge papers 18 inches below the surface. Walking along the works I came upon a bit of shingle bearing the name of John McMahon, Co. D, 16th Massachusetts. I was by his side in the battle when he fell, with a bullet through his brain, his teeth still biting the cartridge he was tearing when he died.

Mayhap by chance or by design,  
They left him where death struck him down,  
First in the foremost line.

As our Western contingent surveyed these scenes, without questioning the wisdom or necessity of the sacrifice, they could see that the men on either side were here engaged in a strife which had no parallel before or since. While engaged in active war I considered an extra postage stamp a burden, but now that my knapsack could be carried on the wagon train by the friendly quarter-master sergeant, I commenced collecting relics from every part of the battlefield; pieces of the fallen oak, and bullets from the same, bits of exploded shell and odd-shaped bullets from all the different lines, badges from caps that told where the several Corps of the army had fought. Along the lines held by the 9th Corps, I saw something shining in the bed of a little brook; it proved to be the hilt of a sergeant's sword. I drew it out of the mud, unsheathed it and found the blade quite clean and bright, but exposure to the air turned it red before my eyes. Two rods from this spot I was to place a board over the grave of Sergeant James Copeland, Co. A, 56th Massachusetts Regiment. Standing by his grave I could easily imagine the probable circumstances attending his death. He had, no doubt, been mortally wounded in one of the unsuccessful charges Burnside made along his front, and had been taken to the rear by sorrowing comrades; his sword, a useless encumbrance, was, no doubt, taken off and thrown into the brook as they lifted his body across

and buried him in the first hard ground they could reach. I have this sword in my possession now.

Walking along in the front of the Death Angle, I picked up a china cup, part of a child's tea set. How did it get there? Was it taken from some house by a soldier who thought of little ones at home, and fancied he might live to carry it to them—or was it lost by some little Virginia maiden who, with wide-open, wondering eyes, was led along that deadly spot after the Yankees had left, and shown the place where her brothers had fought the good fight, and, perhaps, died for the cause they believed sacred?

It was not difficult to find sinister looking bullets crushed all out of their original shape, and carrying fragments of bone and bits of blue cloth that told only too plainly what they had done. In the Wilderness I found seven bullets in a single skeleton, which I took to be that of a soldier of the 47th North Carolina. We are told that the average expenditure of lead in battle is greater than the weight of the killed and wounded. Judge how severe the fire must have been where this man fell!

Having finished our sad work at Spottsylvania we marched away, and my last remembrance of this spot was the sight of a gleaming white board nailed to one of the shattered trees above the works and bearing this inscription:—

On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And Glory guards with solemn round  
The bivouac of the dead.

I am told that some years after the battle a man named Jett builded himself a house not more than 10 rods from the place where the oak tree fell, and where more than a thousand men gave up their lives. He plants his corn in the same field we moistened with so much heroic blood. I am told that his plough turns up countless bones, large and small, and that he knows to what they once belonged. He is a matter-of-fact man and sees no strange sights, nor does he hear any strange sounds; and if he has anything to say about the works which separate him from his neighbor, McCool, it is no doubt to wish that they were levelled. Some years ago, I visited the National Museum in Washington, D. C. I saw in a glass case a massive tree trunk bearing the following inscription:—

Section of an oak which stood inside the rebel breast-works near Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia, cut down by musket balls in the attempt to capture the works previously carried by the Second corps, Army of the Potomac, May 12, 1864. Presented by Brevet Major General Nelson A. Miles, commanding First Division Second corps.



There were many objects of interest in this museum, but I had eyes for nothing but this tree. I seemed to stand again knee-deep in the mud and could see the smoke roll up from this battered stump. Some of these contusions were, no doubt, made by bullets from my own rifle. I could almost fancy myself again in line of battle—one of that gallant host of game Americans in blue, whom Grant had pitted against others equally as game in gray. As years roll on, the conviction grows stronger in my mind that when you study this particular struggle you owe no meed of praise to Grant, to Lee, to Hancock, nor to any of the lesser lights who were supposed to give it direction; but you owe it all to the American volunteers on both sides, the men with knapsacks and guns, the patient, willing pawns in that mighty combination who shed their blood, steadfast unto death, while their leaders thought out the next move.

#### LETTERS FROM OTHER COMRADES.

I enlisted in Gorham, Me., when I was 16 years of age, in Co. C, 5th Me. Regt. After a short time in camp at Portland, Me., we were ordered to the front. We crossed the Potomac and under Gen. McDowell took part in the Battle of Bull Run in which we were defeated. In 1862 we were in the Peninsular Campaign at West Point on the York River, seven days retreat under McClellan. Later I was again at Bull Run, Crainton Pass, Antietam, first and second battles at Fredericksburg, Burnside's Mud March, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, where our regiment lost 98 men killed while charging the enemy, and where we captured 1500 prisoners and 6 rebel flags, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and in front of Petersburg until June 24, 1864, when the term of our enlistment expired. We were under the commands of Generals McDowell, McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant. When the regiment was mustered out in Portland there were only 110 men left of the 1500 who marched from there three years before.

WALTER H. FARWELL,

Lowell, Mass.

Co. C, 5th Me. Regt.

At the breaking out of the war I was a member of Co. D, 6th Regt., M. V. M. When the call came for troops in 1861, the 6th Mass. was one of the first to respond. Was in the Baltimore Riot on April 19, '61, wounded twice but not seriously. The regiment

was stationed at the Relay House, guarding the bridge between Harper's Ferry and Washington, and was discharged Aug. 2, '61. Reenlisted in Co. G, 33d Regt., M. V. M., on June 6, 1862, for three years, or during the war, as wagoner. Went to Washington and from there to Gen. Lee's farm, where we went into camp. Later were skirmishing through the Potomac Valley under the command of Gen. Seigel. The first important battles were at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Later was in the three days' fight at Gettysburg, after which Lee was driven back to Manassas Junction. After a few days in camp, were loaded into cars (after turning in the wagon train) and ordered to reinforce Gen. Sherman. Our next battle was at Raccoon Ridge, Lookout Mountain, under Gen. Hooker. Severe battles at Resaca, Peachtree Creek and Burnt Hickory, Ga. At one time was out on a foraging expedition near Nashville, Tenn., and secured sweet potatoes, hams, bacon, etc., which was sent back to camp. Seeing a steer, we thought it would be a treat, but were surprised and captured by Mosby's Guerrilla band, and expected to be sent to Andersonville prison, but the assistant wagon master, named Crozier, being a Mason, as was Gen. Mosby, were able to find a way to escape and by travelling by night and hiding by day, reached our lines on the second day after.

Later, went to Atlanta, Ga. which was laid in ashes. Then the City of Savannah was captured. Then went to Charleston, S. C., and turned over the contrabands. Went through the swamps and chased Gen. Johnson to Appomattox. After a few days went to Richmond, Va., and later returned to Washington and was in the Grand Review which was held there.

I had two brothers in the army, one older and one younger. The older one was in the 6th Regt., nine months' men, one of Peter Littlehale's comrades. He is living, 80 years old. The younger one, Osgood, was in the 26th Mass., and lies in an unknown grave in New Orleans. While I was out in the 33d Regt., my wife and children lived in the house with Sol Spaulding, where Ben Lawrence lives.

MARTIN V. DAVIS.

Tyngsboro, Jan. 26, 1914.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Jan. 18, 1914.

Dear Sir:—

I have your request for a sketch of army life 50 years ago. I understand of course, that you



wish for an account of something in which one or more of the Tyngsboro boys participated.

In the spring of 1864, six of the Tyngsboro boys were serving in Co. K, 1st Regiment, Heavy Artillery, Mass. Volunteers and one man in Co. H of the same regiment. On the afternoon of May 19, 1864, the regiment (then in the field as infantry) was on the Fredericksburg road within something less than two miles of Spottsylvania Court House. Between 3 and 4 o'clock the regiment left the road, entering the field of the Harris farm on the right, and a few hundred yards from the road halted facing a heavy woods in our front, into which two of the companies, deployed as skirmishers were sent forward. The other ten companies stacked arms and laid down for a much needed rest, a rest of short duration, however, for in a few minutes there came the sharp crack of a rifle from the woods, followed by the irregular fire of the skirmish line. Springing to their feet the men were in line, rifles in hand, almost before the officers could give the words of command. Our skirmishers could be seen falling back, closely pressed by line of battle in gray. As our skirmishers appeared from the woods in the open field, low cautionary commands of the officers could be heard along the line, "Steady men, steady, be sure to aim low." Next came the command, "Ready, aim, fire," and more than 1200 rifles gave a report as from one piece. Simultaneously came a volley from the woods and many of our men were struck down. Realizing our exposed position, the order was given, "Forward, double quick," and we moved down the slope to the edge of the woods, where the order was immediately given to lie down, and the men fell forward on their faces, just in time to escape a second volley, which swept harmlessly overhead. The next order was, "Load and fire at will."

An extremely awkward matter when lying down, with the old muzzle loading rifle; a man with his back to the earth takes a cartridge from the box, tears the paper with his teeth, empties the cartridge powder into the muzzle of the rifle which he then raises perpendicularly, striking the butt against the ground to make sure the powder has reached the nipple, then brings the rifle to the side of his body, inserts the bullet and with the ramrod rams it home. Then turning face downward, he places a cap on the nipple, aims and fires, then turns back to repeat the same action. We fired several rounds

in this manner at the enemy in our front, when we became aware that their line had extended to overlap our right and we were subject to a cross fire. The bugle sounded a retreat and we fell back across the open field to where there were some old farm buildings flanked by the typical Virginia rail fence, known as a snake fence. Behind these we rallied and continued to pour our fire into the enemy in front. But owing to the enemy's larger force and more extended line we were again subjected to a flank fire and retreated down a little slope, across a muddy brook to the next strip of woods, and while reforming there we were cheered by the sight of the 1st Maryland coming in on the right to our support.

At the same time, two brass field pieces opened fire, sending shell and shrapnel over our heads into the ranks of the enemy. Having affected our formation we advanced, recrossed the brook to ascend the slope, before the fence and houses before mentioned. Behind these were posted the men in gray. As we started up the slope they gave us a volley, when the order was immediately given to charge, and straight for the fence and houses we went, giving the enemy no time to reload. They held their position until we were within a few feet, when they turned and rushed back across the field over which they had driven us a few moments before. The fence and the houses broke our formation temporarily, but in a few minutes we moved across towards the woods in pursuit. At the time I jumped the fence a strap of my canteen caught and threw me forward upon my hands and knees. As I gathered myself up I heard a man's cry, "For God's sake give me some water," and turning I saw a man with a gray uniform sitting with his back against the fence, jacket and shirt torn open and blood running from a wound in the middle of his breast. I raised my canteen to his mouth and as I took it away asked, "What regiment"? His reply was "45th North Carolina." I ran on to join the regiment. We remained at the edge of the woods until after dark when the firing ceased. The 20th was a busy and sad day with us burying our dead,—our only consolation being the knowledge that we had done our full duty, saved the largest supply train that had ever been sent forward to the army and prevented Ewell's corps from turning our right. The complimentary order of General Meade dated at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 20th is official evidence of this. General Francis Walker in his history of the 2nd Corps



alludes to our action in these words, "They met and beat back the flower of the Confederate Army."

Only two of the Tyngsboro boys were injured, James Murphy wounded but reached home and Nathaniel Brinley wounded, captured and died in Andersonville prison.

In June, 1865, 13 months after the battle, I visited this field and retraced my steps of the year before as nearly as possible. Approaching the fence at the point where I believed I had jumped over it during the battle, I stopped and looked over the field now covered with quite tall grass. As I jumped over the fence this time, my foot struck something which moved and I pushed aside the grass to discover a skull which my foot had detached from the rest of the skeleton. As I picked it up something rattled. I then saw that the forehead had been crushed in and from the hole I turned out a bullet. Examining the skeleton to see if the remains could be identified, I found nothing save a leather belt on which had been cut 45 N. C.

It then came to me that, without doubt, this was the remains of the man to whom I had given a drink of water during the battle, and the breast bone had been broken by a bullet which was further evidence. No doubt, while sitting propped against the fence, a second bullet had struck him in the head and ended all his troubles.

Thirty-seven years later we placed a monument where the battle began which bears the following inscription:—

In Commemoration of the Deeds of the First Regiment, Heavy Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers (Armed as Infantry), three hundred and ninety-eight of whose members fell within an hour around this spot, during an action fought May 19, 1864, between a Division of the Union Army, commanded by General Tyler, and a Corps of the Confederate forces under General Ewell. Erected by the Survivors of the Regiment, 1901.

If the above answers your purpose you are welcome to use it, if not, you can throw it in the scrap basket. Yours,

CHARLES BURROWS.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Jan. 19, 1914.

Dear Sir:—

Your note of January 10th, inviting me to write something of my personal experiences in the army, to appear in your next V. I. A. Annual,

came to me quite in the nature of a surprise, for I had never even contemplated doing anything of the kind, and my first impulse was to decline with thanks, but on second thought I am tempted to try and comply with your request, since it will give me an opportunity to pay a desired tribute to one of Tyngsboro's bravest sons, the only one whose companionship I was privileged, intimately, to share while in the service.

The morning of March 14, '62, found us, as a part of General Burnside's command, facing the Confederate intrenchments thrown up for the defense of Newbern, N. C. From our position at the edge of a heavy growth of wood we could see on our right, Fort Thompson, and in our front, some six or eight hundred yards away, a line of earthworks extending from the fort down to our left to a distance, as I was told, of some two and one-half miles. We were engaged in this position for a little over an hour, when there came a lull in the firing and soon after some white flags were displayed all along the rebel lines. We were soon brought up into line and ordered to charge across an intervening field and capture the intrenchments. I believe most of us thought that the Johnnies had all run away, but, if so, we were mistaken, for when we were about half-way across they rose up from behind their breastworks and fired one or two volleys into our ranks at point-blank range, but so far as I recollect, without doing much damage. However, we kept right along, all seemingly animated by the same determination, to be first over the works.

When we had arrived at the edge of the ditch, from which the dirt had been taken to throw up against the logs for their protection, we found it to be quite an obstacle to our further progress. The trench was some six or seven feet deep, contained a few inches of water and the opposite bank was of that disagreeable, slippery substance called "No'th Car'lina clay." I noticed that several of our men had got no further than the bottom of the ditch, and wishing to avoid their dilemma I stepped a few paces toward my left where a tree stump had been left and held in place by its roots, and from which I sprang across to the sloping bank, fortunately landing on some pieces of turf that prevented me from slipping back. I had just gathered myself together and was about to climb up to the top of the bank when I heard a voice behind me that seemed familiar, saying, "Seems



to me you are in an awful hurry," and feeling that the remark was addressed to me I looked back to see George Butterfield standing nearly helpless in the slippery, clinging mixture of clay and water that covered the bottom of the ditch. I will never forget the expression, half serious, half comic, on his face, as he said, "Help me up out of this and I will go along with you." By reaching down with my rifle so he could catch hold of it, I was enabled to help him up to a place beside me, and we went over the works together, but all hopes of distinction were dispelled, for by that time more than half of our company were ahead of us. We formed a line and went round by some rude barracks and up into the fort and found that our friends, the enemy, had fled, leaving us the task of burying the dead and caring for the wounded.

We soon took up our line of march for Newbern, to find when we reached the river that the bridge was in flames, so we crossed in boats. Our regiment took possession of the camp of the 35th North Carolina regiment, which was our home until a few weeks later when a detail having been called for from our company to do guard duty on General Burnside's despatch boat, the "Alice Price," Comrade Butterfield and myself with the other members of the detail took up our quarters on the steamer. While we were at a little place called Little Washington sometime later in the season, George was taken suddenly ill, removed to a hospital and I never saw him again, as he passed away after a short sickness.

Dear comrade and brave soldier! He laid his life on the altar of his country's need as a willing sacrifice, and we, who have survived him, may find some mitigation of our grief in the thought, that to him may justly be applied the sentiment contained in those beautiful words of the great Teacher of Mankind, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

F. W. WILSON.

Company K of the 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery had eight of the nine men from Tyngsboro, enlisted July 29, 1862. F. O. Butterfield was a member of Co. C.

"The regiment continued to occupy a portion of the fortifications of Washington, south of the Potomac, until the 15th of May, 1864. During the time it was engaged in performing garrison duty, it accomplished a great deal in building fortifications, mounting and dismounting heavy

guns, and moving ordnance from one fortification to another. In addition it was employed in building and repairing military roads and bridges on each side of the several fortifications, etc."

May 14, 1864, at five o'clock, Parade Orders were read to march the next day.

Samuel Burrows, George F. Hunter and Charles W. Hunter were so chummy the boys called us the "three twins." That night we three agreed that if any one of us fell, the survivors would try to send the body home; as then we could not bear the thought of burial out there.

We were present in the company for duty every day till mustered out. George F. Hunter was killed June 16, 1864, in a night charge on Petersburg. Sam and I were mustered out July 9th. Our personal experiences were so full of blood-curdling adventures and nerve-racking tests, I have not the heart to recall them.

In passing through the woods looking for water, I came across the skeleton of a man, sitting in the corner of a fence—a picket hole nearby. He had been shot, and straightening back was hung in the fence. His gun rested against his body, the bones of one hand clinching the barrel. The buzzards had gotten in their work.

As we crossed one of the battlefields of the Wilderness, the ground was very hard and the bodies were hastily buried, leaving a foot, hand or head sticking out. Only six days after the battle, the odor was too much!

On the 15th of May we left the forts, in heavy marching order. On the 19th, Gen. Ewell, with a Corps of Veterans, turned the flank of Grant's army, to capture the supply train. The Heavy Artillery, as Infantry, were ordered to meet them. We marched a little way and were ordered to pack knapsacks in a pile, leaving the invalids to guard them. We never saw them again, so from the 19th of May until the 9th day of July, we had no overcoats, blankets, tents nor even a change of clothing. We had no time to make camp—simply bivouacked like cattle when we had a chance.

The morning of June 13th, we had one hard-tack, no water nor coffee. At 7 o'clock we crossed the York river railroad at Despatch Station. Crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge at 3 in the afternoon. We marched all day, a distance of 33 miles, had nothing to eat but the bark of blackberry roots, and nothing to drink! We looked for rations at the river, but none came. At 10 P. M., we massed near the James River, for the



night. All the boys dropped to the ground and soon were fast asleep; but I was detailed for guard. I took a cud of bark, and had to walk my beat to keep awake.

At 3 o'clock in the morning of June 14th, the bugle sounded. When Sam Burrows got up he said that he was so hungry, and shouted, "Hunter, your belt is slipping over your hips; now see me get a quick breakfast!" He took up his belt six inches, and said that he felt better. My brother and I did the same. We crossed the James River and bivouacked for the night.

June 15th, marched for Petersburg, a distance of 23 miles. Arrived at the fortifications near the Dunn house, shortly after the charge and capture of same by the colored troops. The negroes gave us all their rations. During the night we threw up breastworks.

June 16th, at 9 o'clock, we drew rations. George took our canteens and filled them with fine spring water, which he found. It was the only water fit to drink since the 12th. I got some wood, built a fire, and with a quart dipper and half a canteen for a spider, we soon had breakfast. At 10 o'clock, Sam was sleeping soundly.

We called him, but he said that he was eating a boiled dinner at home, and wished we would let him alone. He turned over and was sound asleep. Again we awakened him, but he declared he was so full of vegetable hash that he could not eat, but did succeed in eating, and drinking a little coffee. Then he told us of his dream, and that he really felt as if he had eaten a hearty meal. At 11 o'clock, with bricks for pillows, we lay on the ground to sleep. Just as the sun was setting, we awoke, were ordered to get a hasty meal and be ready to march in 15 minutes. We munched a hard tack, and drank sparingly of the water. Then came the order, "Fall in! Lively men! Fall In!" The roll was called; the bugle sounded the "assembly of troops." We marched a short distance, formed a line of battle; the bugle sounded the call to "advance!" quickly followed by the call to "charge!" Bullets and all kinds of artillery ammunition filled the air.

We fixed bayonets and went through the fallen timber as best we could. Men were falling everywhere! At the same instant with the order, "Fall back!" came the words from my brother, "Charlie, I'm wounded!" I stood with my dying brother and did what I could to make him comfortable. This was about 8 P. M., and he lived until 10.

He realized that it would be impossible to send his body home, and said, "It matters not where the casket is left, when the jewels have been removed; but, if possible, see that it is buried out of sight." The next morning he was buried. We laid him in the grave, put his cap over his face, then a few ferns and branches of the trees. Soon a long row of bodies were laid each way and the trench dug. There were more than 3000 men buried there.

CHARLES W. HUNTER.

Peterboro, N. H., Jan. 26, 1914.

From Mr. James Burrows in regard to the interesting story on the first page.

34 Fearless Ave., LYNN, MASS., Feb. 2, 1914.

Mr. J. Frank Bancroft,

My dear Frank:—

I send herewith my contribution to the Village Paper. I find that I could hardly hope to write a better article than this, and, although it was published in the Boston Sunday Record, Dec. 26, 1886, it is not likely to be a "Twice Told Tale" to many of your readers. It is a little out of the common run of war stories and quite as good as anything new that I might attempt. Trusting that this may satisfy you, and that I may be able to secure a copy of the paper when it comes out, I remain,

Yours very truly,

JAMES BURROWS.

### SOME EXPERIENCES OF A CAVALRYMAN.

Well, what will I say, where begin and where leave off? What will I put in and what leave out? There are a lot of incidents I would like to mention but time and space will not permit.

I would like to tell you of enlisting, without the consent of my parents, in the City of Lowell, February 2, 1864. I was sixteen years and six months old within one day, and as you will note, it was just fifty years ago. I went back home from Lowell, and told my people, my father, mother, brothers and sisters, eight of us then. Back to Tyngsboro Centre the next day and took the train to Boston to go into camp at Readville, Mass. Falling in with Mr. Francis Brinley, one of our townsmen at that time, on our trip to Boston, he seemed to have quite an interest in me and made me the present of a nice book. This was the last time I ever saw him. What a fine gentleman he was! Anyway that is my recollection of him. Then my experiences in camp at Readville and from there to Galloups Island, Boston Harbor, where we all



nearly froze to death living in canvas tents, that cold February. At last our trip to the south through Washington, across the Potomac on a steamboat to Alexandria, Va., where we took the cars, freight cars, for Warrenton, Va., the county seat of London County.

Here I joined the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, having enlisted for that branch of service. This regiment and others were in winter quarters at Warrenton and doing picket duty from two to three miles out at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. What a change from the home I left, to living in a log hut with the cracks plastered with mud, sleeping on bunks made of poles rolled up in an army blanket; going out on picket every twenty-four hours with two hours on and four hours off, the four hours back with the reserve where we stood around the camp fire or lay down on the ground or on brush at times to keep out of the mud! And this down south, where you probably think it was nice and warm, but not always, for I have seen men lie down at night rolled up in a blanket and in the morning be covered with snow, so all you could see would be bunches here and there. That picket duty was very fine, especially when some of the nights were so cold your horse would shiver and shake so you could hardly sit on him, and we thinking that Mosby's Guerrillas might happen around most any time to get a pop at us.

After nearly two months of this, or the very last of April, the weather getting warmer and the mud season over, and Grant having been given command of the Army of the Potomac, he said we must pick up and move, which was welcome news, as about all of us were tired of the monotonous camp life and anxious to end the war.

What stir and bustle from this time on! Marching by day and going into camp at night, cooking our coffee, pork and hard tack over little fires usually made from the top rail of some Virginian's fence. How new and strange and interesting! What a lot of men, and every day more of them! How nice they looked on the march, the cavalry, artillery and wagon trains! Where were we going?

One of the first events of the march was crossing the Rappahannock River on a pontoon bridge. What a shaky, old bridge for horses! Next comes crossing the Rapidan River at Ely's Ford, this time fording it with the water nearly to the horses' backs, so we had to draw up our legs to keep dry,

and the horses hardly able to stand on their feet. Crossing the Rapidan brought us nearer to Lee's Army and near to the Wilderness. Here I first saw some "Johnnies" (Confederate soldiers) prisoners.

The next day, May 5th, fighting commenced, known as "the Battle of the Wilderness" which lasted five days. What a place and what sights, with fighting going on here and there and everywhere, the cavalry skirmishing, marching, charging and countermarching, on picket, etc., through the woods, across the streams, sometimes in reserve when we could hear the infantry and artillery fighting, which would begin with a pop! pop! pop! and soon be one continual roar like the roll of thunder, and sometimes last for hours! What thoughts would roll through your mind at such times!

How warm it was through the day, and how dry we would get! How the horses suffered for water as we sometimes crossed streams and had to hold up their heads so they would not stop to drink, as stopping would delay quite a portion of the army! How uncomfortable our clothing through the day, so away we threw some of it, and perhaps shivered the next night for the want of it!

What a place for picket duty, as we would be placed in the early evening facing the enemy and in the morning find ourselves with our backs to the enemy, our horses having turned us around in the darkness of the night, and the advance picketing! What "scary business," as the Johnnies were about sure to gobble up someone!

By the 10th of May, Grant had Lee so well whipped in the Wilderness that he sent Sheridan with the cavalry towards Richmond with the idea of occupying the city by getting there ahead of Lee. At this time there was a large force of cavalry and it took several roads toward Richmond. The weather was hot and the ground dry and you could see clouds of dust miles away. And what marching! There was no time to stop to eat, drink or sleep or even to dismount for a short rest, and when we did, we would put the bridle rein around our leg as we lay down on the ground and dropped to sleep.

The Confederates had no idea of letting us get into Richmond, so sent their cavalry after us which made it very interesting, as some part of our forces were continually being harassed by them. At Beaver Dam Station, on the railroad, our troops captured a train load of provisions enroute to Lee.

(Continued on page 15)



# THE V. I. A. ANNUAL

Published each year by the TYNGSBOROUGH VILLAGE  
IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

Rev. Napoleon S. Hoagland, Editor

Vol. XIX

FEBRUARY, 1914

## VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

### Article II.

The objects of this Association shall be to improve, ornament and light the streets and public grounds of Tyngsborough, by planting and cultivating trees, cleaning and repairing sidewalks and gutters, erecting, caring for, and lighting street lamps, and doing such other acts as shall tend to beautify, improve and light said streets and grounds.

### SEVENTY YEARS.

This present year of grace, Anno Domino, 1914, marks the 70th anniversary of the first Village Improvement Society in this town. It was in tree planting time, April, 1844, when the vital forces in roots and stems began to stir and quicken, that the progenitor of the present Village Improvement Association was born. The sponsors of the original organization were men of commanding character and fine practical idealism. They were Robert Brinley, D. S. Richardson, Calvin Thomas, Augustus Pierce, Charles Butterfield, Joseph Upton, Nathaniel Brinley, C. A. Greene, J. C. Proctor, H. Wood and Robert Brinley. That they did something more than "elect a chairman and a secretary and draw up a constitution," is evidenced by the well authenticated tradition that most, if not all, the trees now standing on the Common were set out by the prime movers of the society about the time when it was organized, in 1844. Why would it not be quite fitting and inspiring to make Arbor Day of this year a recognition and appreciation of that event, the school children of the town as well as all members of the present Village Improvement Association and others to take part? Just how long the original society existed, no records as yet available tell. They evidently were more concerned about doing the thing than keeping records. The trees in themselves, however, are a living memorial, at once graceful, majestic and beneficent. The time will come, however, when from the inevitable decay of age they will pass away, but the roots will remain to send up new shoots, that if cherished, will grow for the joy of coming generations. The spirit of

the original society, with its fine enthusiasm and splendid passion for village improvement has struck deeper roots in the hearts of an enlightened beauty-loving, civic-minded people. Our Town Historian is of the opinion that a legitimate link of heredity connecting the original Tree Society with the present association is the old Lyceum, which for the generation succeeding 1844, flourished as a green bay tree, whether they actually planted any trees or not. It certainly kept alive and alert a healthy civic and social spirit that has blossomed and borne fruit in radiant and devoted lives.

An undisputed claimant to a place in the royal line, is the Young People's League which was organized in 1876. It was a sort of glorified reincarnation of the civic spirit at the heart of the old society of 1844. The league was started by a number of young enthusiasts, most of whom were connected with the First Parish. Some of those youngsters are still active members of the present V. I. A. The object of the League of 1876, as stated in their records was "to beautify the town and erect public watering places." At the expense of one of its members, Mr. Nathaniel Brinley, the society put up a stone watering trough by the roadside near the old blacksmith shop, and it also raised and expended nearly a hundred dollars for grading and beautifying the Common.

Then when it had served its day, it was numbered among the things that were. Its spirit, however, did not perish from the place, but again came to a new life in the present association which was organized in 1890. Three days before Christmas, when the spirit of active good will is most abundant in the hearts of men, James Danforth, Channing Whitaker, A. A. Flint, A. P. Hadley, Asa M. Swain, Geo. O. Perham, Sumner Woodward and Louville Curtis, answering to the high call of community consecration and service, met at the residence of the leading spirit of the enterprise, whose name appears first in the list, and as a result the present Village Improvement Association was formed. Since that time, nearly a quarter of a century ago, it has been an active and efficient force not only for the physical improvement of the village streets, by making them cleaner, safer and better lighted, but it has been a commendable force for social unity and good will; for civic ideals, and community inspirations; for beauty and righteousness. With its practical work from year to year, its entertainment courses and especially its annual



lecture given by some expert in matters of community service, and village improvement, it has been a school of citizenship for the Town Beautiful, and the Life Beautiful.

There were 18 competitors among the pupils of the Winslow School pupils for the prizes offered by the V. I. A. for original papers about Tyngsboro. The papers awarded the first and second prizes are, "Tyngsboro as a Summer Resort," by Bertrand McKittrick, and "District No. 6," by Maud Collier. Third prize was given to Edward DeCarteret, who wrote about "Wannalancet and the Old Tyng House."

In the third class there were three papers: "The Tyngsboro Fire," by Lillian Russon, "The Schools of Long Ago," by Mildred Shea, and "The Box Shop," by Florence Cobleigh. These all received cash prizes.

Papers receiving honorable mention were, "A Walk in Tyng's Woods," by Margaret Hoagland and "The Bridge," by Bertha Doyle. These were all from the grammar school, 7th and 8th grades.

The committee on awarding the prizes consisted of Miss Ellen Perham, Miss Bertha Sherburne and Mrs. Catharine Lambert.

#### WHO PUT THE TYNG IN TYNGSBORO.

It was Madam Sarah Tyng Winslow was it not? A century and a quarter ago, namely, in 1789, she signified her willingness to give about \$5,000 to the town, the income to be divided equally in support of the grammar school teacher and the minister of the First Parish, providing the district, then a part of Dunstable, should be called by her father's family name. And so Tyngsboro came to be on the map. Harvard College is the residuary legatee of this fund.

#### OFFICERS OF THE V. I. A.

*President*—Mr. Albert A. Flint.

*Vice-President*—Mr. James Danforth.

*Second Vice-President*—Mr. J. Frank Bancroft.

*Secretary*—Miss Bertha M. Sherburne.

*Corresponding Secretary*—Dr. Fred Lambert.

*Treasurer*—Mr. Charles P. Littlehale.

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Miss Lena M. Coburn,  
Mr. Chester H. Queen,  
Mrs. Chester H. Queen,  
Mr. George Robeson,  
Miss Ophelia Brown.

#### SOME EXPERIENCES OF A CAVALRYMAN.

(Continued from page 13)

At Ashland, a small village on the same line, while we were cutting down telegraph poles and tearing up the track, burning buildings, etc., the "Rebs" nearly surrounded us; so our company was ordered to charge them, which we did through a hailstorm of bullets. What a sight as men went reeling out of their saddles, some killed, some wounded and some with their horses shot from under them! Our Captain was wounded and taken prisoner with others of the disabled. Sixteen out of our small company killed or wounded in less than half as many minutes.

It was here that I tried to stop one of their bullets with rather serious results, as it nearly cost me my life. My horse was hit in the head with a bullet which afterwards resulted fatally, although I rode him for one or two days afterwards, until I was placed in an ambulance with other wounded men and put into the wagon train which brought us near the centre of our forces.

On the 12th there was fighting going on all around us, and the enemy's shells and cannon balls fell all about us but without serious results, but made the horses and mules uneasy as well as their drivers. Nearby, at Yellow Tavern, Gen. J. E. B. Stewart was killed. He was Lee's best cavalry General. This was known to us very soon after it happened. After this "brush" was over we moved on again, but what riding, in wagons without springs, over the corduroy roads made of logs built a year or two before by McClellan! How some of the more serious suffered as we went bump, bump, over the logs, through Chickahominy Swamp on to White House Landing on the James River! Here we were put on board a steamer where we received our first surgical aid, nearly a week after being wounded. We went down the James River into Chesapeake Bay and up the bay to Point Lookout, Md., at the mouth of the Potomac, and were put into the Hammond General Hospital. Besides the hospital there was a prison for Confederate soldiers, and at times there were as many as thirty thousand prisoners.

Thus ended the campaign of 1864 for me. After nearly eight months in different hospitals, I returned to my regiment ready for the next campaign.

Yours truly,

JOHN D. LITTLEHALE,

Late Private, Co. F, 1st Regiment Mass.  
Cavalry, 1st Brigade, 2d Division, Cavalry Corps.



## HEART EMOTIONS.

Written at the death of Harrison Carkin, killed at the battle of Weldon Railroad, Va., August 18, 1864, by his sister.

Shall I love my country less now that war has brought me sorrow?

Has taught me what it is with those I love to part?  
Has delayed the longed for missive till tomorrow and tomorrow,  
And with anxious apprehension filled my weak and throbbing heart?

Shall I love my country less for the thousands that are lying  
'Neath the sod on which they fought ere the fatal blow was given,

Or the thousands more unfortunate in rebel prisons dying  
With no word of kindly comfort, and no hope this side of heaven?

Shall I love my country less when my own dear darling brother

Enlisted in the ranks and marched to meet the foe?  
Shall I let my rising grief all my patriotism smother  
Because a rebel bullet laid that darling brother low?

No, I will not love her less, my own dear native land,  
The land my grandsire fought for, the land my brother loved,

For now their loyal spirits have joined the angel band,  
And I know how they would scorn me, if I disloyal proved.

No, I will love her *more*, whatever may betide,  
Whatever grief or sorrow unto my lot may fall,—  
The love I bore my brother, who for his country died,  
I will give unto my country, and think the boon too small.

## TYNGSBORO AS A SUMMER RESORT.

By BERTRAND A. MCKITTRICK, Prize Paper.

The Town of Tyngsboro is rapidly becoming one of the most popular places in the Merrimack River Valley, if, indeed, it is not already the most popular for summer residence.

The summer population of Tyngsboro has increased by leaps and bounds in the last five years until it far outnumbers the year round population. This is of course during the months of July and August.

Our summer visitors begin to arrive as soon as it is warm enough to work out-of-doors in the spring, and many of them stay until the arrival of cold weather in the fall, and even then are reluctant to leave. Not a few have come to spend the summer and have been so pleased with the town that they have taken permanent homes.

There are so many different places in the town, each with its own peculiar merits, that he would indeed be hard to suit who could not find a spot that appealed to him amongst the various ponds, lakes and hills of old Tyngsboro, once Dunstable.

For the man or woman who desires complete seclusion and rest, the shores of Massapoag, or Island Pond are almost ideal. This beautiful pond

can be reached by driving or by train to East Groton, about a mile from the lake.

Should your inclination lead you to seek something livelier in the way of change, there are the many camp and cottage sites bordering on Lake Mascuppie, "The Willowdale Colony," the many desirable locations placed on the market by the sale of the Bowers property, the village complete in itself known as "Sherburneville," the many camps and cottages around Lake Althea, commonly called Mud Pond, all within easy walking distance of the Willowdale Pavilion and Lakeview Park with their bowling alleys, theatres, dancing pavilions, skating rinks, bath houses and many other forms of amusement.

A little further away is Long Pond, which is situated on the boundary between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and on whose shores are many comfortable and hospitable summer homes.

Do you own a motor boat, row boat or canoe? The banks of the Merrimack from the Lowell line to the state line are alive with campers, all of whom are interested in water sports.

The trolley and steam cars furnish regular and dependable transportation to and from the city and it is but a little over an hour's ride to the seashore.

The Town of Tyngsboro is a good place to visit and a good place to live. It is one of the few New England villages that has retained, in a large measure, the quiet and unhurried atmosphere that we associate with the things of long ago.

The town has a low tax rate, excellent roads, good schools, as good or better fire protection than any town of its size in the state.

It has 120 3-gallon chemical fire extinguishers, 120 ten gallon cans, 36 hand spray pumps, 2 forty gallon hand drawn chemical engines, and a twenty horse power gasoline power sprayer that will put the contents of your well on top of your house in short order should occasion require.

So come on, you city man, if you are tired of breathing smoke and cinders, and if you can't sleep from the city noise—come out into Tyngsboro, pitch your tent and stay awhile. It will do you good, cost you less than the doctors will charge to build you up a few years from now and leave you in better shape, physically and financially, than a trip to the Hot Springs or Florida.

The wealth of a town is the energy and public spirit of its citizens.



### A WONDERFUL CLOUD EFFECT.

An attempt to depict a most, to me, entrancing scene observed in the Town of Highlands, N. C., four thousand feet above the sea.

After a period of twelve or fifteen days during which time our village was enwrapped in clouds, and we had been having violent semitropical showers with occasional brief moments of sunshine at noonday, as I glanced from my window, early one morning, in the direction of the distant street leading by the house at a much lower level, I saw at once that something very much out of the common was taking place which demanded my immediate attention. Down the hill I ran and was soon standing in the road enjoying one of the most novel, thrilling, and never-to-be-forgotten experiences of a lifetime.

Clear, blue sky overhead, the warm, piercing rays of the rising sun through the calm, clear atmosphere, making luminous our little mountain surrounded awakening world; at my feet, moving along with an exceedingly graceful and stately slowness, were beautiful, fleecy cloud masses varying in color from a slaty to a snowy whiteness, now reaching to my knees and now to my shoulders with frequent glimpses of the brown earth beneath; a counterpart of the often observed cloud-mottled zenith with background of blue. W. B.

### STONYHURST PARK—WHY SO NAMED.

It may be of interest to many to know why the little grove at the junction of Sherburne Ave. and the boulevard, was called Stonyhurst, the land being entirely free from even a cobble stone.

An ancient mansion in Lancashire, England, owned by one Sir Nicholas Shirburn of which Mr. R. B. Sherburne has quite a little history, was called Stonyhurst. The Misses Sherburne in a trip to Europe three years ago, visited the place, bringing home many pictures of past and present views, of extensive buildings and grounds, now used as a Catholic college. Hence when the Tyngsboro representatives of the family were looking for a suitable name for the little grove at the "Hair Pin Turn," "Stonyhurst" was suggested and accepted.

For the vital statistics of the town for the year 1913, see the Town Report. They show 15 births, 11 marriages and 16 deaths. This in a population of about 800.

### LOCAL ITEMS OF 1913.

On February 14, 1913, the house of Adolphe Ekstrom, on the old Nashua road was destroyed by fire, caused by an overheated furnace. Being far from neighbors and Mr. Ekstrom away, nearly everything was burned. No insurance. Fortunately the furnished summer home of the Fay brothers, was open to their accommodation, where they have lived during the building of a new house, similar to the other, standing nearer the road.

On June 16th, about 1 P. M., fire was discovered on the roof of the grain mill, in the rear of Nelson and Perham's store. A heavy wind was blowing and strong efforts to extinguish it were of no avail. The store and house nearby owned by the First Parish were consumed. It is supposed to have caught by a spark, either from a chimney or locomotive. The Post Office was saved. No mail was omitted, after being located in its old quarters at the Butterfield house. The store was opened in the stable of the J. A. Upton estate. Meanwhile the property was bought and the house fitted up for a store, an extension added to the front, with one tenement remaining. About one-third of the bridge was burned at this time, being stayed by the arrival of the state sprayer.

We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the workmen of the Nashua Building Co. for their guard of property on the east side of the river, during the fire, and extinguishing fire, grass fires caused by the sparks, or pieces of shingles blown across the river. Carpenters working on Mr. Littlehale's house were the first to discover the fire, and arrived on the scene rendering efficient aid.

July 25th, the house and barn of Mr. William Newman on the road from N. Chelmsford to Dunstable, were burned. It is known as the Kate Tyng place.

With the destruction of these old landmarks we note new buildings.

Mr. Wallace P. Butterfield, Clerk at the Lowell Institution for Savings, has built an attractive story and a half house, bungalow style, on the boulevard. Nashua Building Co., contractors.

Mr. Charles P. Littlehale, bookkeeper at A. A. Flint's box shop, has built a two-story house on the boulevard. J. W. Stevens, N. Chelmsford, contractor. This makes five houses on the street and with their spacious lawns, add much to the improvement of the locality and a genial little neighborhood it is. To have two of our public spirited



young men locate in their native town is much appreciated. Both hold office, Mr. Butterfield being on the Board of School Committee, and Mr. Littlehale, Town Treasurer and Notary Public.

Mrs. Louise Blanchard on the Nashua road has sold her residence to Mr. Carl A. Richmond, a patent attorney from Chicago, whose family includes wife and aunt. Mrs. Blanchard reserved the stable and one and one-half acres of land, on which she has built a cozy, little bungalow, beginning the New Year in the new home. J. W. Stevens, contractor.

Mr. Sears, of Boston, who owned what is called the Swain place on the old Nashua road, and used it as a summer residence, has sold to Mr. H. E. Symonds, clerk at the City Institution for Savings, Lowell, who intends putting in modern improvements and making it his permanent residence.

Mr. Perry A. Flint has bought a lot of land of Mr. Albert A. Flint, near the junction of the old and new Nashua roads, the location being on the old road. Under contractor Stevens, he is now building a two-story, eight-room house with modern improvements. He is now living in rooms at Mr. James Danforth's.

The ruins of J. B. Butterfield's house have been removed, the stone being used for the cellar walls of Mr. Frank Parker's house and Mr. Jason Kingsbury's camp.

Mr. Sherman H. Proctor, clerk at Nelson and Perham's, has bought the one-half interest in the Martha J. Proctor estate, of his brother, Arthur, with the intention of making it his home.

Mr. Enlo Perham has made improvements on his house by the addition of a dining room, piazza, chamber and bath-room, with heating plant.

The state road through the village has been completed, with a cement bridge across the mill brook. The surplus earth was used for filling and grading the lot of land made vacant by fire. The town scales have been moved near the store and the electric car tracks back to the side of the road, thus doing away with teams crossing its track, and removing danger in rounding the curve to and from the bridge.

Mr. Fred Snow has built a one and a half story residence, in the bungalow style, painted yellow and white, the interior being finished with hard-wood floors and the walls and ceilings with beaver-board, each room having a different tint. The joins on the ceilings are covered with oak mouldings and the staircase and banister are of

quartered oak. There are nine rooms and a bath-room, six downstairs and three up, and there are convenient closets, shelves and drawers in every spare place. The house is lighted by electricity with the most modern shades of iridescent glass. It is handsomely furnished with oriental art squares and rugs and solid oak chairs, tables, side-board, china closet, etc.

## V. I. A. Fair and Entertainment

Town Hall, Feb. 26 and 27, 1914

An Operetta

### Love's Locksmith

Will be presented both nights

#### CHARACTERS.

Jacquette, A School Girl . . . . .	Cora B. Littlehale
Ursula, Her Friend . . . . .	Mrs. Fannie G. Littlehale
The Abbess . . . . .	Mrs. Philistia R. Flint
A Lady, The Empress . . . . .	Miss Bertha Sherburne
A Maid . . . . .	Miss Lena Coburn
The Emperor Napoleon . . . . .	Harry L. Littlehale
Captain Thouvenot . . . . .	Charles P. Littlehale
Lieutenant Degas . . . . .	Norman R. Sherburne
Anatole, A Travelling Peddler . . . . .	Chester Bancroft
Gaspard, A Gardner . . . . .	Reuben B. Sherburne
First Sentry . . . . .	Chester H. Queen
Second Sentry . . . . .	Herbert Shipley
Soldiers, Nuns and School Girls.	

Scene—Border of France and Germany.

Time—Napoleonic Wars.

SOLDIERS—Ralph Harlow, Harold Bell, Charles Coburn, Percy Flint, Howard McLoon, Nelson McLoon, Clarence Woodward.

NUNS—Mrs. Josephine Marshall, Mrs. Ethel Braddon, Mrs. Maud Queen, Miss Ophelia Brown.

SCHOOL GIRLS—Mrs. Mabel Littlehale, Mrs. Catharine Lambert, Mrs. Elizabeth Sargent, Miss Bernice Sherburne, Miss Anna Pelletier, Miss Marion Danforth, Miss Dorothy Wilcox, Miss Ruth McLoon, Miss Amy Pierce, Miss Jeanette Grant, Miss Lillian Bell, Miss Celia Ortel.

CORA B. LITTLEHALE, Manager.

MRS. FANNIE G. LITTLEHALE, Assistant.



## REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee held Nov. 9, 1912, Mr. Flint was chosen Chairman and Miss Coburn, Secretary.

The usual business has been transacted during the present year.

Owing to the present conditions of the main streets in town, it has been deemed advisable to wait until the state has completed the work on the roads, before the Association spends any money in repairing sidewalks.

The various greens about town have been cared for as usual.

The Association has given as much as it was able in helping to pay for the electric street lights. The lamps in the outskirts of the town are supplied with oil as has been previously done.

On Dec. 7, 1913, at a meeting of the Executive Committee, Mr. Marshall was elected Chairman and Miss Coburn, Secretary. The other members are Miss Ophelia Brown, Mrs. Chester Queen, Mr. Chester Queen and Mr. George Robeson.

LENA M. COBURN,  
*Sec. of Ex. Com.*

## THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS OF TYNGSBORO.

The Camp Fire Girls were organized last May with the name Merrimac Camp Fire Girls. Miss Bernice Sherburne is the Guardian.

"The purpose of this organization is to show that the common things of daily life are the chief means of beauty, romance, and adventure; to aid in the forming of habits making for health and vigor, the out-of-door habit and the out-of-door spirit; to devise ways of measuring and creating standards of woman's work; to give girls the opportunity to learn how to "keep step," to learn team work through doing it."

Membership is open only to girls of twelve years and over. A girl must apply to a local Camp Fire, and signify her wish to obey the law of the Camp Fire, which is to seek beauty; give service; pursue knowledge; be trustworthy; hold onto health; glorify work; be happy.

The Merrimac Camp Fire Girls have had meetings once each week in the summer, and every two weeks this winter. They took part in the pageant given July 4th.

Two of the meetings were held in a camp, where they prepared their dinner. At another meeting they took a walk, finding wild-flowers to win an honor.

Beads are given for honors in seven crafts: Health craft, home craft, nature lore, camp craft, hand craft, business and patriotism.

In the fall the girls gave an entertainment to earn some money for the treasury. Several of them were in a play, "Her Uncle's Boots." Others contributed different parts of the program.

The members of the Camp are: Olive Coburn, Ruth McLoon, Florence Ford, Dorothy Wilcox, Fern Upton, Ruth Sherburne, Elizabeth Brown, Myrtle Knight, Hazel Warley and Irene O'Hare.

A CAMP FIRE GIRL—R. E. S.

## A FEW GRANGE NOTES.

The year just past has proved a very happy and prosperous one for Tyngsboro Grange. The meetings have been well attended and a most harmonious spirit has prevailed throughout. While some of the meetings have been devoted to sociability and entertainment, yet much real work has been accomplished. Its influence as an order has been used at various times to help promote such legislation as would be for the welfare of our rural sections.

Several evenings have been devoted to educational subjects—an able address on equal suffrage was given on one evening—while a very interesting talk was given at another meeting on the history of our flag. In June, a minstrel show was given, under the auspices of the Grange for the benefit of the State Grange Educational Fund. In community service no definite work has been undertaken this year, but the grange has given its hearty co-operation to its sister organization, the V. I. A. A large delegation of the members attended the session of the National Grange at Manchester, N. H., twenty-one taking the seventh degree there. Many also attended the state session in Boston, where inspiration was gained and ambition aroused for work for the coming year. Thirteen new members have been admitted during the year, making the total membership at the present time 149.

F. L. S.





1843—CHANNING WHITAKER—1913

### MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

At the last annual meeting of the Village Improvement Association, of which for so many years he had been a most active and progressive spirit, the following expression of appreciation was adopted:

In the passing of Channing Whitaker from our ranks since our last annual meeting, this association lost one of its most devoted workers and the town one of its best citizens. With rare scholarship, fine spirit, unflagging industry, and unwavering fidelity to the cause that won his interest, he was ever the gallant knight errant "without fear and without reproach." If to forget self in the service of the community for larger and finer things is to be a good citizen and a true disciple of the highest, he was of the elect.

Be it therefore resolved: That we place this appreciation upon our records as a token of our esteem for his character and services, and our gratitude that he has been given to walk and work with us.

Be it therefore also resolved: That this association express its sympathy for the family in their great affliction and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and a copy be printed in the next V. I. A. Annual.

From the *Courier-Citizen* of Lowell, Mass., and the *Technology Review* of Boston, Mass.

"Mr. Whitaker was a man who lived a full life in his 69 years. Born in Needham, Mass., on Dec. 29, 1843, he was in the flush of his youth when the Civil War came on. He promptly enlisted in the 39th Mass. Volunteers and went to the front. In the Battle of Spottsylvania Court House he was wounded and made a prisoner by the Confederates, and for months was held in prison. No word of this came to his family, however, and he was finally given up for dead and his obituary published in the *Boston Herald*. Finally released, he reported to Washington and was given employment until the close of the war in the Treasury Department. At the end of the war he returned home and entering the Institute of Technology in Boston was graduated as a member of the second class in 1869. His interest in that institution never ceased. While a student he worked during the summer in the Lowell Machine Shop, and after his graduation opened an office there as a mill engineer, where he planned the construction of mills in Lowell and Pepperell. In 1873 he was made a member of the Technology Faculty and was appointed head of the department of mechanical engineering, a position he held for ten years. He was also principal of the Evening Drawing School in Lowell for several years. He resigned from his professorship in Technology to enter the employ of the Lowell Machine Shop and was associated with that corporation at the time of his death. Of late years, however, he maintained an independent position as patent expert. For many years, in fact ever since he came to the town in 1887, he was closely identified with the welfare of Tyngsboro. Always a leader in progressive action for its betterment, he was at the time of his death working strenuously to improve the fire service of the town, the need of which was brought to notice by the recent serious fire at the Centre. He was active in the Evangelical Church and in all movements for social progress. During the past year he had been serving as a member of the Alumni Council of the Mass. Institute of Technology, and as a member of the G. A. R., his last work was given to a history of his regiment which he was writing. His ideals as to the character of a Christian gentleman were high, and he fully lived up to them.

If he gave offense to anyone in his life, it was through no such intention, for his ways were gentle and even when he vigorously opposed wrongs



that threatened the youth of his town and state, he did so without personal malice and with but one desire—to correct the evil. He is survived by three daughters, Miss Grace Whitaker, Miss Harriet B. Whitaker, Mrs. Frederick D. Lambert, and one son, Channing Whitaker.”

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### OBITUARY.

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Died, at her home on the Dunstable Road, May 3, 1913, Mrs. Anna R., wife of Melvin V. Horton, and daughter of John and Mary (Holden) Wilson. She was born in Philadelphia, Penn., June 4, 1838.

While quite young her parents came to Tyngsboro, where she was educated in the public schools, and later passed several years in Lawrence, until the failing health of her mother brought them to the ancestral home at the Brush Factory Village, Tyngsboro, where she lived until her marriage with Mr. Horton, in 1873. She was an attendant of the Evangelical Church; interested in public welfare of the town and a very efficient member of the V. I. A., in whose work she took the greatest interest. Hers was one of the old families of the town, being descended from Richard and Martha (Fosdick) Holden, immigrants, 1634, through Capt. Nathaniel and Mary (Richardson) Holden, who settled in Tyngsboro, 1765, on the place which has been held in the family through successive generations to the present time.

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Nature in the way of open country, which spells opportunity for work, recreation, admiration and life at its best, is a valuable asset and herein Tyngsboro is well off.

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Tax rate \$14 per thousand last year.

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“Between the Lines of Written History,” as one of our correspondents puts it, is just what our war stories are. They are of unusual human interest.

### SPOTLESS TOWN.

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It has no visible rubbish heaps, no unkempt, ungroomed yards—front, side or rear. Litter on the streets or anywhere in sight, old newspapers, cast-off tin cans, broken down furniture, rags and weeds, or anything that needlessly offends and profanes the sanctities of good taste, smell or sight is accounted an abomination before the Lord. Dirt is matter in the wrong place and as such endangers health by inviting contagion, is a peril to property by promoting conflagration, and on moral character works degeneration. It may be a question as to whether the town makes the people or the people the town. It works both ways no doubt. In a clean town one may expect to find clean people. It could hardly be otherwise. The people of a town build themselves into the character of their town. A town is a community personality. No one citizen is it, but he is a distinct part of it. So is everyone else. Spotless Town means spotless people. It means people who are clean physically, morally and spiritually; people who are clean in person, in habits, deeds, thoughts, and feelings. The lure of Spotless Town is our own innate hunger for cleanliness, beauty and strength, when we are at our best. The fact that we cherish the ideal is much, the fact that we are willing to work a little to make the town we live in more clean and beautiful in its physical aspects is even more, for it is putting foundations under our dreams. In Spotless Town every man, woman and child is an active member of the “Clean-Up Club.” Of course this means they have the keep clean habits and if so are they not making fit preparation for citizenship in that City which St. John, in vision, saw coming down to earth from heaven, of which it was said, “No unclean thing can enter there”? Spotless Town is a constant call to a like unselfish and devoted loyalty to public safety, welfare and progress that so splendidly animated the Boys of '61.

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This number contains twenty-eight pages, perhaps the largest one yet issued by the Association. But next year being the 20th anniversary should go this one some better.



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Imported Bay Rum 50c. per pt., Epsom Salts 5c.  
per lb., Alcohol 45c. per pt., Witch Hazel 15c.  
per pt., Pure Olive Oil 45c. per pt., Peroxide of  
Hydrogen, 40c. per pt., Phosphate Soda 15c. per  
lb., Perfumes cut from 50c. to 25c. per ounce.

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Exclusive styles in the foremost shadings and weaves.  
The largest selection we've ever offered. The prettiest  
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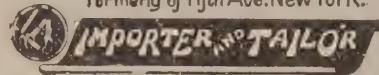
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